Raiſe all my kindred, are they married thinke you?
Rod. Truely I thinke they are.
Bra. O heauen, how got ſhe out? O treaſon of the blood;
Fathers from hence, truſt not your Daughters mindes,
By what you ſee them act, is there not charmes,
By which the property of youth and manhood
May be abus'd? haue you not read *Roderigo*,
Of ſome ſuch thing.
Rod. I haue ſir.
Bra. Call vp my brother: O that you had had her,
Some one way, ſome another; doe yon know
Where we may apprehend her, and the Moore?
Rod. I thinke I can diſcouer him, if you pleaſe
To get good guard, and goe along with me.
Bra. Pray leade me on, at euery houſe Ile call,
I may command at moſt: get weapons ho,
And raiſe ſome ſpeciall Officers of night:
On good *Roderigo*, Ile deſerue your paynes. *Exeunt.*

Enter Othello, Iago, *and attendants with Torches.*

Ia. Tho in the trade of warre, I haue ſlaine men,
Yet doe I hold it very ſtuft of Conſcience.
To doe no contriu'd murther; I lacke iniquity
Sometimes to doe me ſeruice: nine or ten times,
I had thought to haue ierk'd him here,
Vnder the ribbes.
Oth. Tis better as it is.
Iag. Nay, but he prated,
And ſpoke ſuch ſcuruy, and prouoking tearmes
Againſt your Honor, that with the little godlineſſe I haue,
I did full hard forbeare him: but I pray ſir,
Are you faſt married? For be ſure of this,
That the Magnifico is much beloued,
And hath in his effect, a voyce potentiall,
As double as the Dukes, he will diuorce you,
Or put vpon you what reſtraint, and greeuance,
That law with all his might to inforce it on,

Weele

Weele giue him cable,
Oth. Let him doe his ſpite,
My ſeruices which I haue done the Seigniorie,
Shall out tongue his complaints, tis yet to know,
That boaſting is an honour,
I ſhall provulgate, I fetch my life and being,
From men of royall height, and my demerrits,
May ſpeake vnbonnited to as proud a fortune
As this that I haue reach'd; for know *Iago*,
But that I loue the gentle *Deſdemona*,
I would not, my vnhouſed free condition,
Put into circumſcription and confine
For the ſeas worth. *Enter* Caſſio *with lights, Officers,*
But looke what lights come yonder. *and torches.*
Ia. Theſe are the raiſed Father and his friends,
You were beſt goe in:
Oth. Not I, I muſt be found,
My parts, my Title, and my perfect ſoule,
Shall manifeſt me rightly: it is they.
Ia. By *Ianus* I thinke no.
Oth. The ſeruants of the Duke, and my Leiutenant,
The goodneſſe of the night vpon your friends,
What is the newes.
Caſ. The Duke does greete you Generall,
And he requires your haſt, poſt haſt appearance,
Euen on the inſtant.
Oth. What's the matter thinke you:
Caſ. Something from *Cipres*, as I may diuine,
It is a buſineſſe of ſome heate, the Galleyes
Haue ſent a dozen frequent meſſengers
This very night, at one anothers heeles:
And many of the Conſuls rais'd, and met,
Are at the Dukes already; you haue bin hotly cald for,
When being not at your lodging to be found,
The Senate ſent aboue three ſeuerall queſts.
To ſearch you out.
Oth. Tis well I am found by you,